

The history

At ample point all that I did possesse,
Saue these mens lookes, who do me thinkes finde out:
Some thing not worth in me such rich beholding,
As they haue often giuen. Here is *Vlisses*
He interrupt his reading, how now *Vlisses*?

Vliss. Now great *Thetis* Sonne.

Achil. What are you reading?

Vliss. A strange fellow here,
Writes me that man, how derely euer parted:
How much in hauing or without or in
Cannot, make boist to haue that which he hath,
Nor feeles not what he owes but by reflection:
As when his vertues ayming vpon others,
Heate them, and they retort that heate againe
To the first giuers.

Achil. This is not strange *Vlisses*,
The beauty that is borne here in the face:
The bearer knowes not, but commends it selfe.
To others eyes, nor doth the eye it selfe
That most pure spirit of sence, behold it selfe
Not going from it selfe: but eye to eye opposed,
Sallutes each other, with each others forme.
For speculation turnes not to it selfe,
Till it hath trauel'd and is married there?
Where it may see it selfe: this is not strange at all.

Vliss. I do not straine at the position,
It is familiar, but at the authors drift,
Who in his circumstance expressely prooues,
That no man is the Lord of any thing:
Though in and of him there be much confiding,
Till he communicate his parts to others,
Nor doth hee of himselfe know them for aught:
Till he behold them formed in the applause.
Where th'are extended: who like an arch reuerberate
The voice againe or like a gate of Steele:
Fronting the Sunne, receiues and renders back
His figure and his heate. I was much rap't in this,
And apprehended here immediately,

of Troilus and

Th' vknowne *Ajax*, heauens v
A very horse, that has he know
Nature what things there are.
Most object in regard, and deer
What things againe most deer
And poore in worth, now shal
An act that very chance doth r
Ajax renown'd? O heauens v
While some men leaue to doe.
How some men creepe in skitt
Whiles others play the Ideots i
How one man eates into anothe
While pride is fasting in his wa
To see these Grecian Lords, v
They clap the lubber *Ajax* on
As if his foote were one braue
And great Troy shriking.

Achil. I doe belecue it,
For they past by me as misers o
Neither gaue to me good wor
What are my deeds forgot?

Vliss. Time hath (my Lord) a
Wherein he puts almes for obl
A great siz'd monster of ingrat
Those scraps are good deeds p
Which are deuour'd as fast as
Forgot as soone as done, peri
Keepes honour bright, to haue
Quite out of fashion like a rust
In monumentall mockry? tak
For honour trauels in a straig
Where on but goes a brest, k
For emulation hath a thousan
That one by one pursue, if you
Or turne a side from the direc
Like to an entred tide they all
And leaue you him, most, ther
Though lesse then yours in pa